

MARVEL[®]



DAREDEVIL[®]

60c

U.K. 30p
CAN. 75c

210

SEPT



IT BEGINS IN THE
BRONX WHERE THE
COFFINS ARE LOADED--

--COFFINS WHICH USUALLY
CONTAIN THE HUMAN
REMNANTS THE POLICE
HAVE COLLECTED OVER-
NIGHT FROM ALLEYS,
DOORWAYS, THE REEKING
HALLS OF TENEMENTS.

TODAY, THEY DO NOT.

AFTER AN HOUR'S DRIVE
THROUGH THE DENSE
BUSTLE OF THE CITY
AND A BRIEF FERRY RIDE...

...THE TRUCK ARRIVES AT
AN ANONYMOUS GRAVEYARD
ON HART ISLAND--

--WHERE PRISONERS ARE ADDING YET ANOTHER
LAYER TO THE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF GRAVES
ALREADY HERE.

STAN LEE PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**
SURVIVOR!

THEN, THERE IS A
SHRIEK--WANTON,
SAVAGE, FULL OF A
MAD JOY, AND INTO
THE SUNLIGHT ERUPTS--



SCRIPTER-
DENNY O'NEIL
PLOTTER/PENCILER-
DAVID MAZZUCHELLI
INKER-
DANNY BULANADI
LETTERER- JOE ROSEN
COLORIST- CHRISTIE SCHEEL
EDITOR-
BOB BUDANSKY

WARDEN-
JIM SNOOTER



EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, DAREDEVIL SCANS A MIDTOWN STREET, NOT WITH HIS EYES.

HIS EYES ARE USELESS. BUT--

I SMELL WATER ON THE PAVEMENT. STREET-CLEANER MUST'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH HERE.

RADIO'S ON IN GLORIAHNA'S APARTMENT. SO SHE'S HOME. LISTENING TO WGGO.

AND MY RADAR SENSE INDICATES SHE'S ALONE.

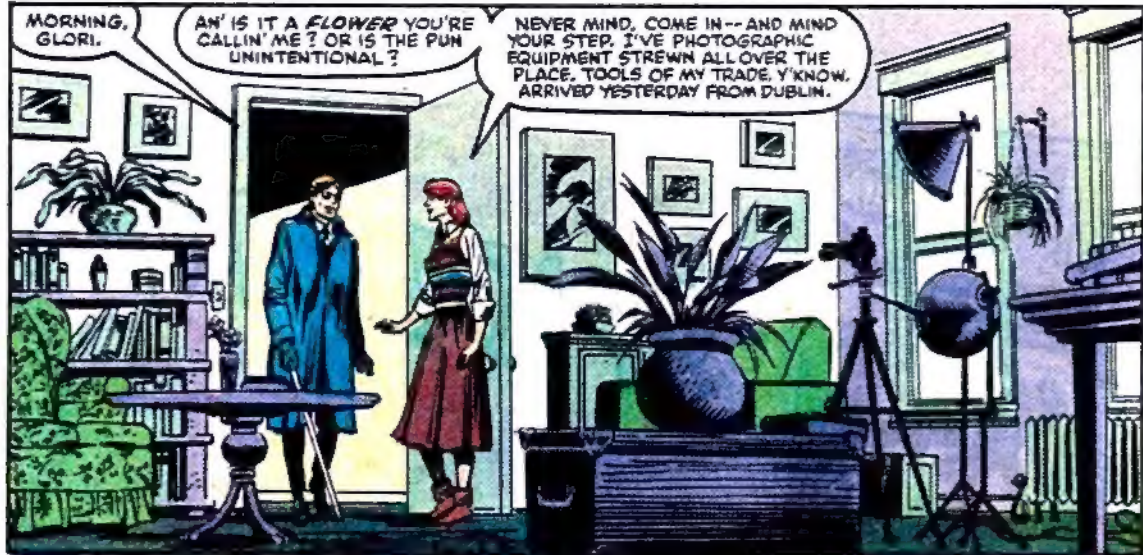
I REALLY SHOULD BE GETTING TO THE OFFICE, BUT THE MESSAGE SHE LEFT ON MY ANSWERING MACHINE SOUNDED URGENT--

--AND I GUESS I CAN SPARE A COUPLE OF MINUTES OF MATT MURDOCK'S TIME.

AH, 'TIS HIMSELF--MATTHEW MURDOCK IN THE FLESH.

DISINFECTANT. SUPER'S DOING HIS JOB. BUT THERE'S A MOUSE BEHIND THE WALLBOARD ...PROBABLY AFTER THE COOKIES THE WOMAN IN THE REAR APARTMENT IS BAKING.

BZZZT
O'BREEN



MORNING, GLORI.

AN' IS IT A *FLOWER* YOU'RE CALLIN' ME? OR IS THE PUN UNINTENTIONAL?

NEVER MIND, COME IN-- AND MIND YOUR STEP, I'VE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT STREWN ALL OVER THE PLACE. TOOLS OF MY TRADE, Y'KNOW. ARRIVED YESTERDAY FROM DUBLIN.



AN' HERE'S *ANOTHER* THING THAT ARRIVED-- A WOOL SCARF. I THOUGHT IT'D ADD A NICE TOUCH OF COLOR TO THAT RAINCOAT YOU INSIST ON WEARIN'!

SMELLS GREAT.



THE SMELL IS NOTHIN' TO THE *FEEL* OF IT. ISN'T IT FINE AGAINST THE SKIN?

MATTHEW... IS THAT A *BLUSH*?

AHR... GUESS IT'S WARM IN HERE.



IT IS THAT.



WELL, THANKS FOR THE SCARF.

YOU'RE WELCOME.



MATTHEW... ONLY FOR THE SCARF?

I'LL CALL YOU SOON, GLORIANNA.

THEN, AT THE LAW
OFFICES OF NELSON
AND MURDOCK...

MATT,
HAVE YOU
HEARD?

ABOUT
CROSSBOW'S
ESCAPE?

YES, I CAUGHT
A NEWSCAST A
WHILE AGO.

NO, NO... ABOUT OUR
CLIENT! MICAH SYNN.

FOGGY AND... HIS WIFE ARE
WAITING INSIDE. THEY'LL
TELL YOU.

BECKY LIKES DEBBIE NELSON
AS MUCH AS I DO--

--NOT
A BIT.

HELLO, DEBBIE.

YOU LOOK
SCRUMPTIOUS.

MATT, HAVE YOU
SEEN A PAPER?

NO. OF COURSE NOT, SORRY.

ANYWAY, IT'S
ON PAGE THREE
OF THE TIMES.

LISTEN: "MICAH SYNN TOLD REPORTERS THAT HE FEELS
A CIVILIZED CITY HAS NO ROOM FOR SUCH MEN AS
DAREDEVIL. 'HE SHOULD BE LOCKED AWAY,' THE
LEADER OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED KINGORGE
TRIBE SAID AT A LUNCHEON..."

THAT'S
ENOUGH.
FOGGY--

-- MORE THAN
ENOUGH.

ISN'T MICAH WONDER-
FUL? I'LL BET HE
WINS A NOBEL PEACE
PRIZE OR SOMETHING.

OUTSIDE--

-- THE BUSY
AVENUE
SUDDENLY
GROWS QUIET.

FOR YEARS, THESE PEOPLE SURVIVED IN AN ENVIRONMENT OF TOTAL HOSTILITY. SURVIVED ...AND BECAME BOTH MORE AND LESS THAN HUMAN.



NEW YORKERS SENSE THIS, AND KEEP THEIR DISTANCE.



MISS, WILL YOU TELL MESSRS. NELSON AND MURDOCK THAT MICAH SYNN AND PROFESSOR PIPER ARE HERE --



GO ON IN, PROFESSOR. THEY'RE EXPECTING YOU.

MYYY-CAH! YOU ARE LOOKING POSITIVELY SCRUMPTIOUS!

I THOUGHT I WAS THE SCRUMPTIOUS ONE.



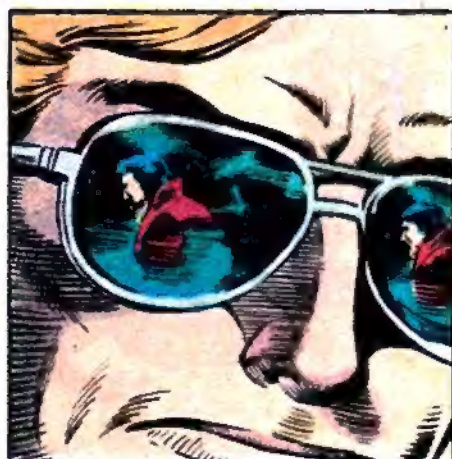
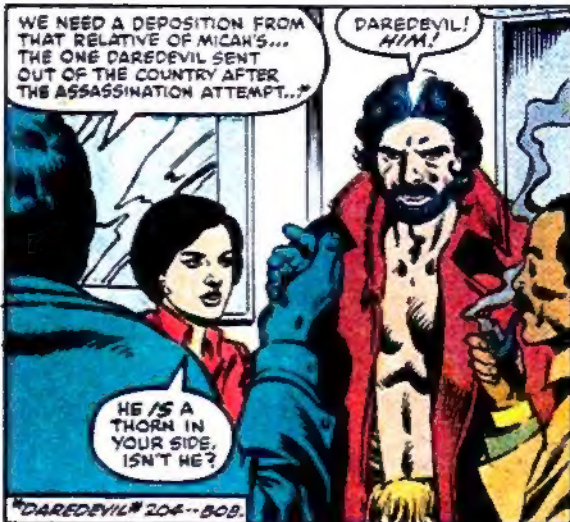
BEEN READING MICAH'S WORDS OF WISDOM, MR. NELSON?

YES. UH...VERY INTERESTING.

HOW IS WORK ON THE INHERITANCE PROGRESSING?

WELL...AS A DESCENDANT OF THE SYNN FAMILY, MICAH IS CERTAINLY ENTITLED TO PART OF THE ESTATE. HOWEVER...THERE ARE DIFFICULTIES.





LATER, AT SYNN'S NEWLY ACQUIRED PENTHOUSE...

(THE MAKER OF CLOTHING IS HERE, CHIEF MICAH...)

ENGLISH! SPEAK ONLY ENGLISH!

* TRANSLATED FROM THE KINGSORGE DIALECT.

THEN--

NELSON AND MURDOCK HAVE GET THE RESTRAIN ORDER.

"HAVE GOTTEN." SAY THE WORDS CORRECT.

THIS IS GOOD. DAREDEVIL NOW CANNOT COME NEAR ME. MY PLANS CAN GO AHEAD.

ENGLISH IS THE TONGUE OF THIS PLACE AND WE WILL USE IT--

--AND EVERYTHING ELSE.

PREPARE FOOD AND SUMMON EBENEZER.

YES, CHIEF MICAH.

YOU ARE FINISHED?

THE SHOULDERS ARE A FRIGHTFUL PROBLEM... BUT YES, I'M FINISHED.

ELSEWHERE...

THE BLOODY APE IS GOING TO KILL ME-- THAT'S WHY HE HAD ME BROUGHT HERE.

JUST BECAUSE I TRIED TO KILL HIM!

BUT HE DESERVED TO DIE!



W H--FROM AN OLD
ENGLISH FAMILY...
BEHAVIN' LIKE A
SABAGE... 'TIS A
DISGRACE!

WORSEN A
DISGRACE.



I SHOULD'VE
GOTTEN MY IRE
UP SOONER!
LEND ME
STRENGTH,
IT DOES!



ONCE FREE
I'LL HAVE NO
TROUBLE--

YOU PLEASURE
YOURSELF?



YE'VE COME
TO DO ME?



THEN GET ON WITH
IT! I'VE NO WISH TO
HEAR A SPEECH--



--AND I'LL NOT BE GROVELIN'
EITHER. I'LL GO TO MY GRAVE
LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN!

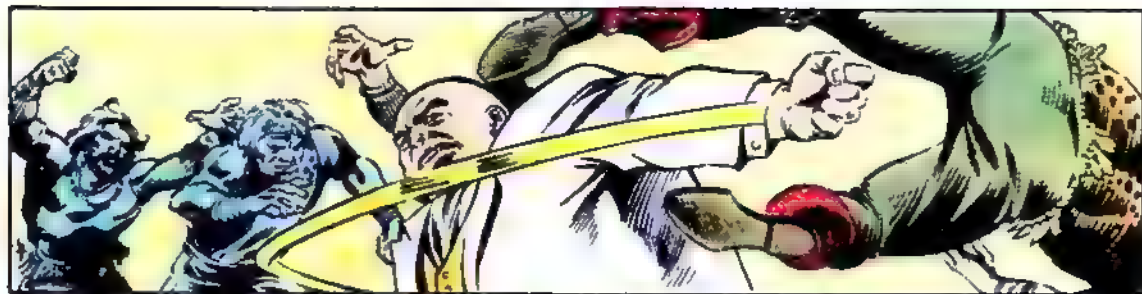
DO YOUR
WORST!

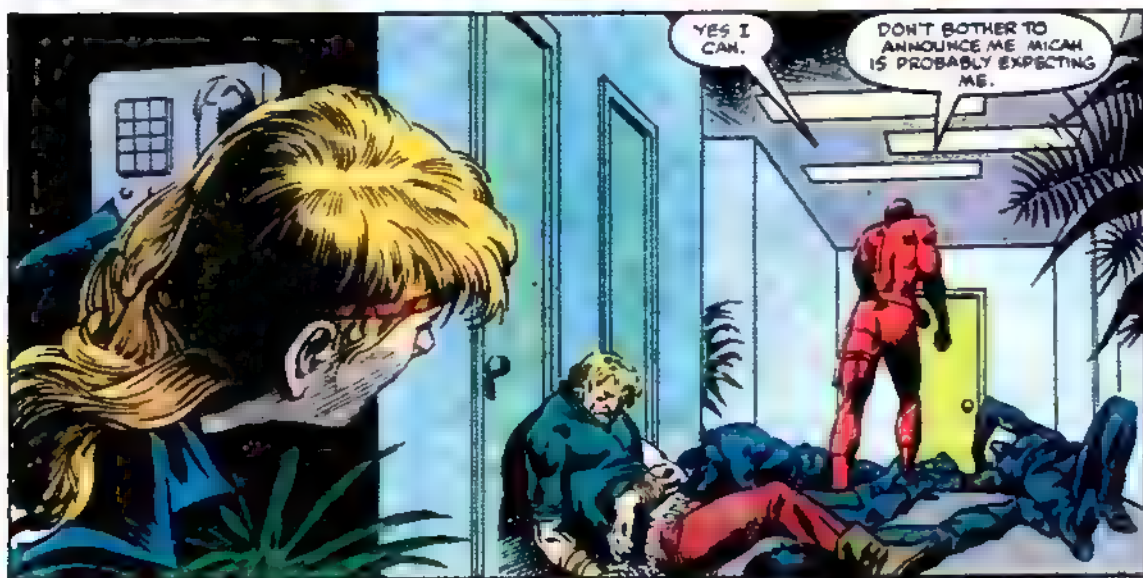


I WILL, BUT NOT
AS YOU THINK.

MEANWHILE ON MANHATTAN'S
LOWER WEST SIDE...







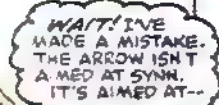
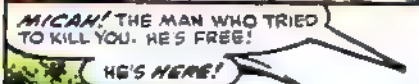
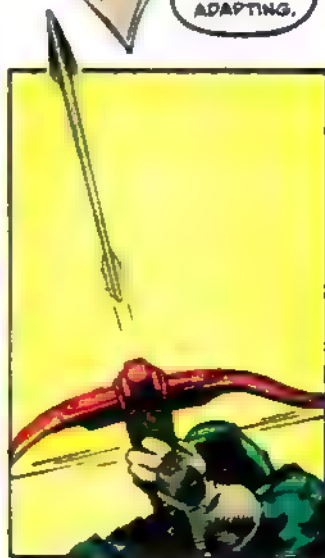
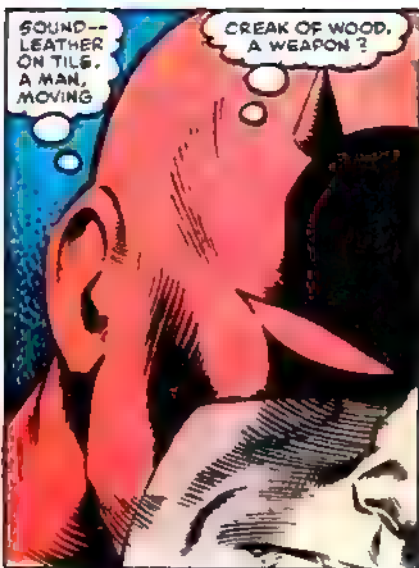
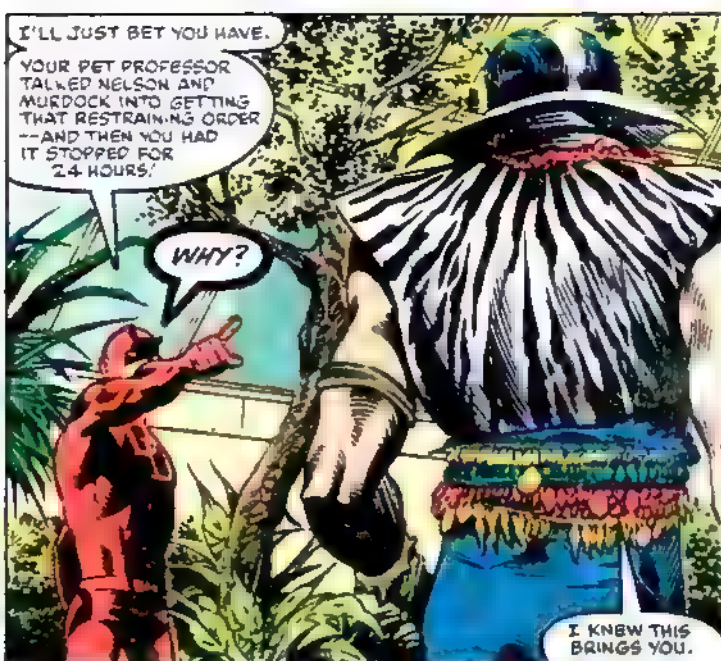


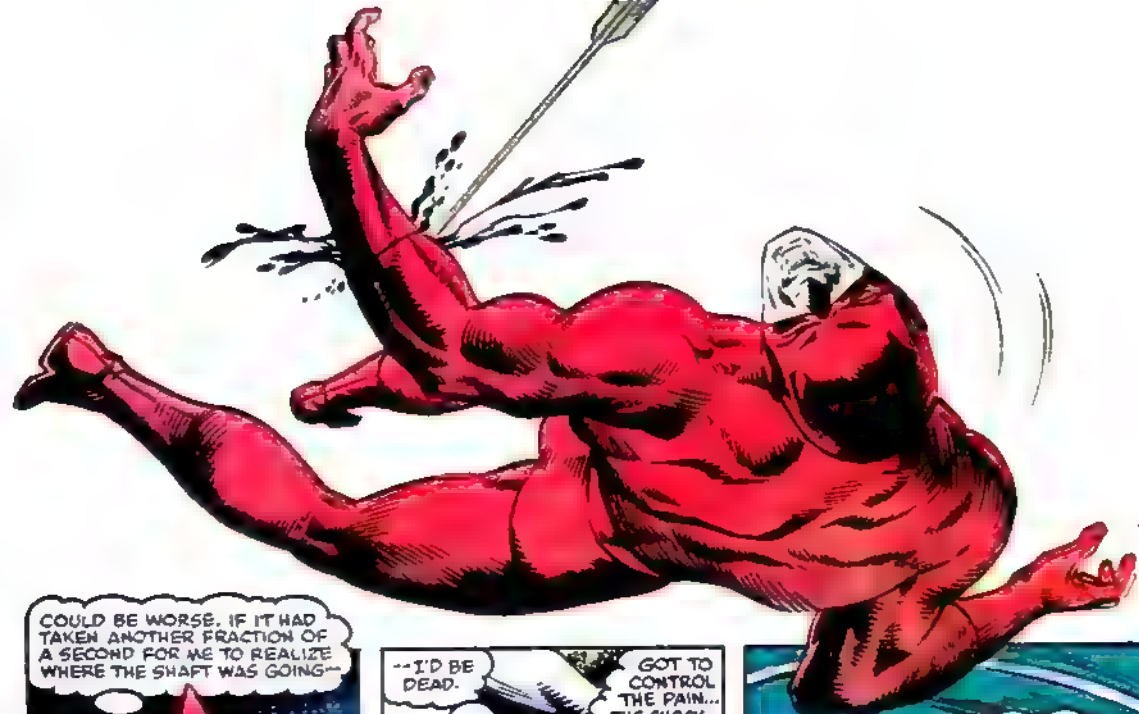
LARGE MASS
TO MY LEFT.
IRREGULAR.
MUST BE--

SOME *STATUE*, MICAH.
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU'RE
A PATRON OF THE ARTS.

THIS IS
NOW! OUR
GOD!

I HAVE
WAITED FOR
YOU.





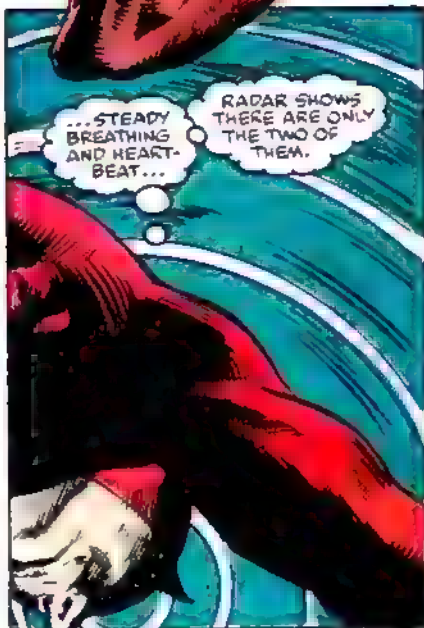
COULD BE WORSE. IF IT HAD TAKEN ANOTHER FRACTION OF A SECOND FOR ME TO REALIZE WHERE THE SHAFT WAS GOING--



--I'D BE DEAD.

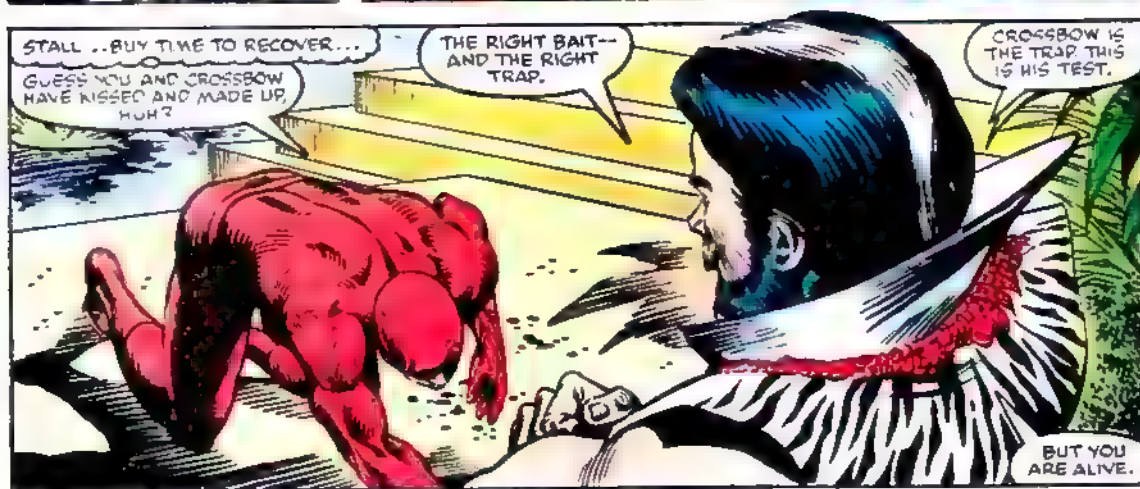


GOT TO CONTROL THE PAIN... THE SHOCK...



...STEADY BREATHING AND HEART-BEAT...

RADAR SHOWS THERE ARE ONLY THE TWO OF THEM.



STALL...BUY TIME TO RECOVER...

GUESS YOU AND CROSSBOW HAVE KISSED AND MADE UP, HUH?

THE RIGHT BAIT-- AND THE RIGHT TRAP.

CROSSBOW IS THE TRAP THIS IS HIS TEST.

BUT YOU ARE ALIVE.



YOU ARE ALIVE AS ANIMAL
IN A PIT IS ALIVE. SQUIRM-
ING. HELPLESS.

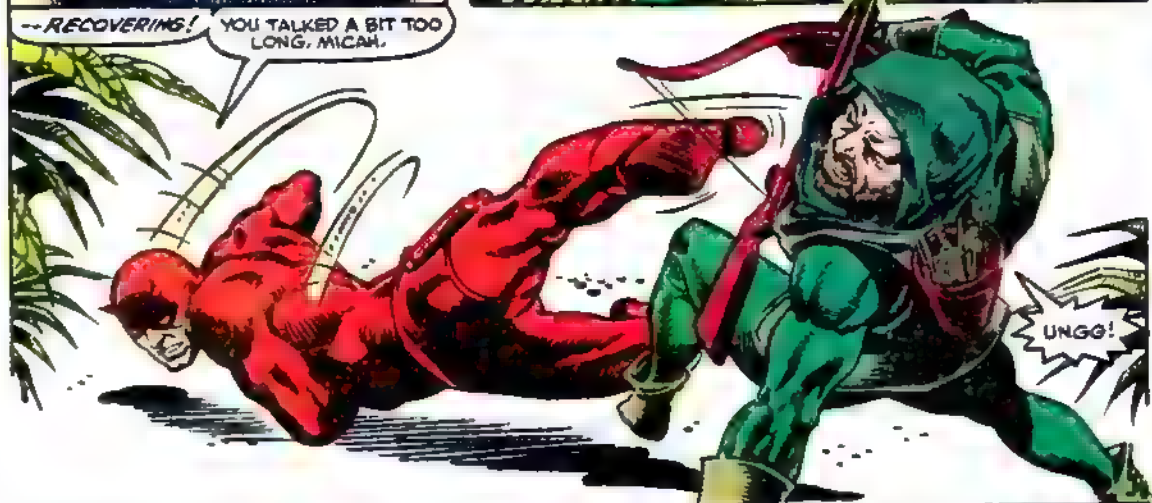
CROSS-
BOW!



I'LL DO
FOR 'IM,
LADY--

--AND WHEN HE'S OUT
OF THE WAY, I'LL DO
FOR YOU?

HURRY!
I SENSE
HE IS--



--RECOVERING! YOU TALKED A BIT TOO
LONG, MICAH.

UNGO!



BUT I'VE GOT TO BUY STILL
MORE TIME! I'LL DASH
BACK HERE--



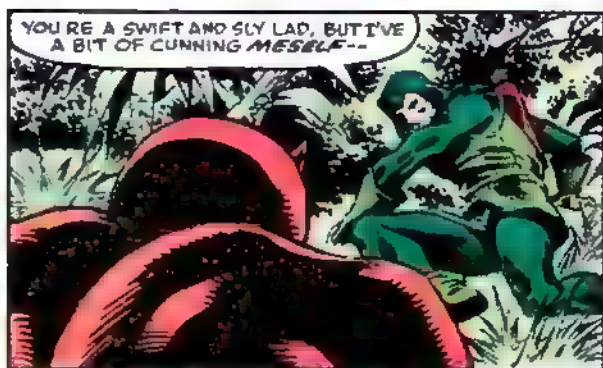
--AND CIRCLE AROUND.
IT'LL TAKE THEM A FEW
SECONDS TO REALIZE
WHERE I'VE GONE--



--I
HOPE!
CAN'T AFFORD
TO LOSE ANY
MORE BLOOD.
THIS IMPROVISED
DRESSING SHOULD
HOLD UNTIL--



UH-OH. CROSSBOW'S
SPOTTED ME.





THEY'VE TRANS-
FORMED THIS
PLACE INTO A
REAL JUNGLE--
THEIR JUNGLE!

GOT TO END IT BEFORE
I BLUNDER INTO ANOTHER--



--TRAP!



HHAAA...
'TIS LOVELY
TO SEE--HIM
DANGLIN'
LIFE A FISH
ON A LINE.



I DESERVE THIS. I MADE
THE MOST BASIC MISTAKE--
I GOT OVERANXIOUS.

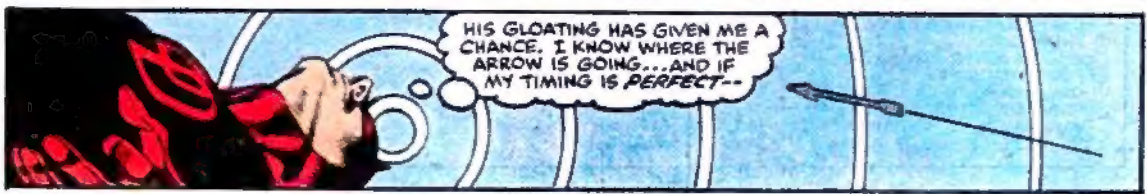
YOU'VE A FEW MOMENTS
LIVIN' LEFT, LAD. FOR I'LL
NOT SKEWER YE--

DO NOT
TALK. KILL.



--I'LL AIM FOR THE ROPE. YE CAN
CONTEMPLATE YER FOLLY DURIN'
THE FALL.

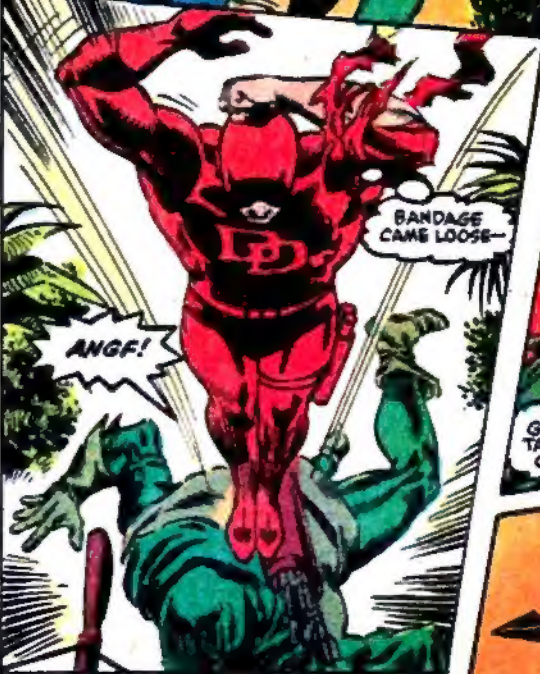
IF YOU'RE RELIGIOUS,
YE MIGHT MUMBLE A
PRAYER.

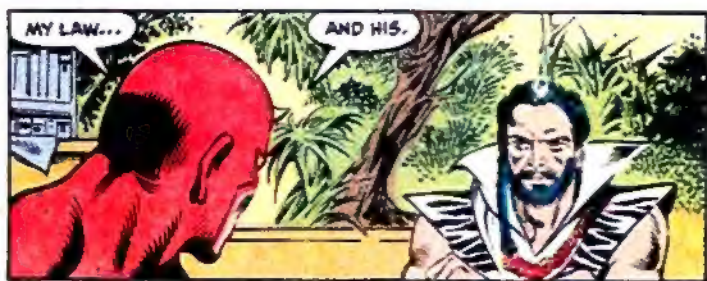


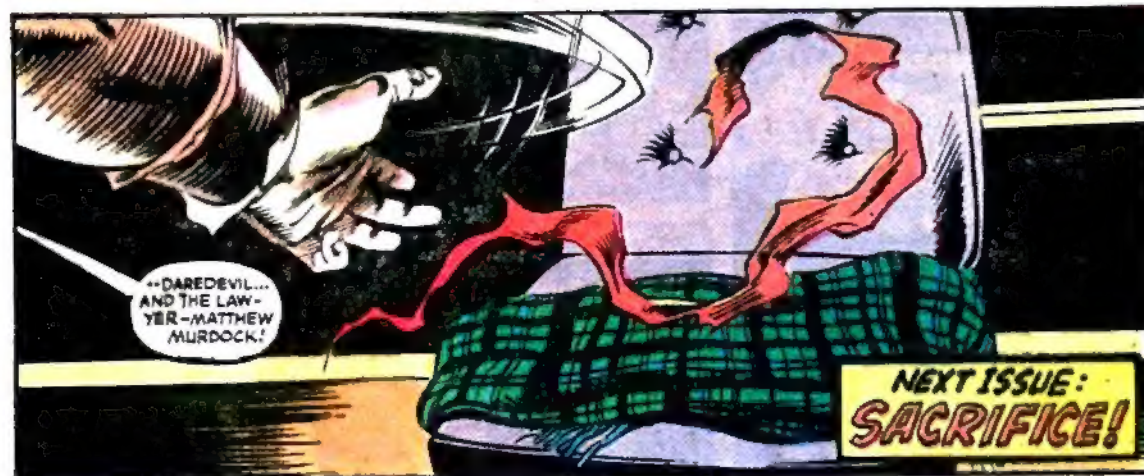
HIS GLOATING HAS GIVEN ME A
CHANCE. I KNOW WHERE THE
ARROW IS GOING...AND IF
MY TIMING IS PERFECT--



DON'T WORRY, YE SAVAGE! I'LL KILL 'IM--SOON AS I FIND WHERE HE'S GONE--







**NEXT ISSUE:
SACRIFICE!**